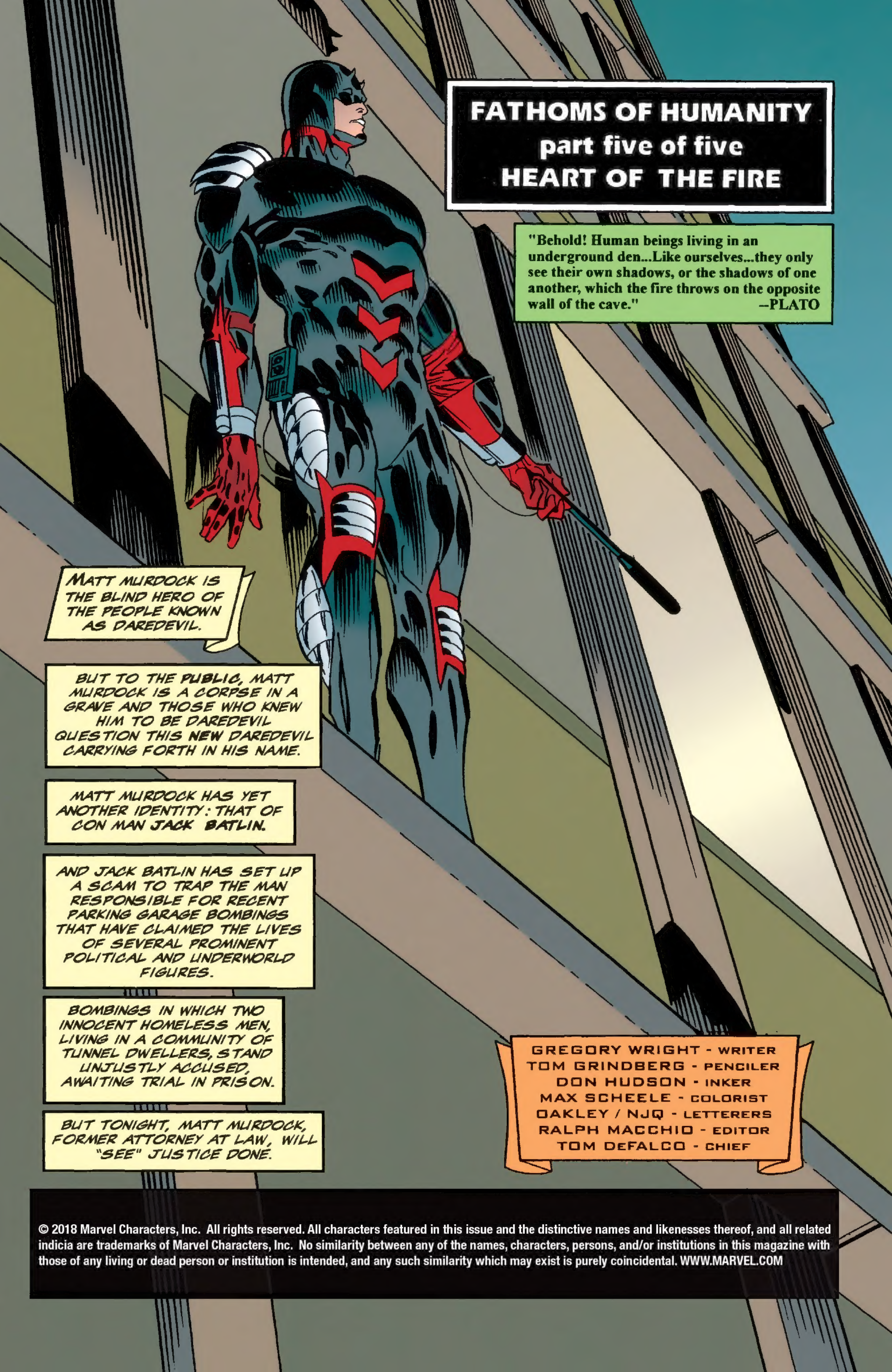

MARVEL COMICS
337
FEB
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HUMANITY'S FATHOM
PART FIVE OF FIVE

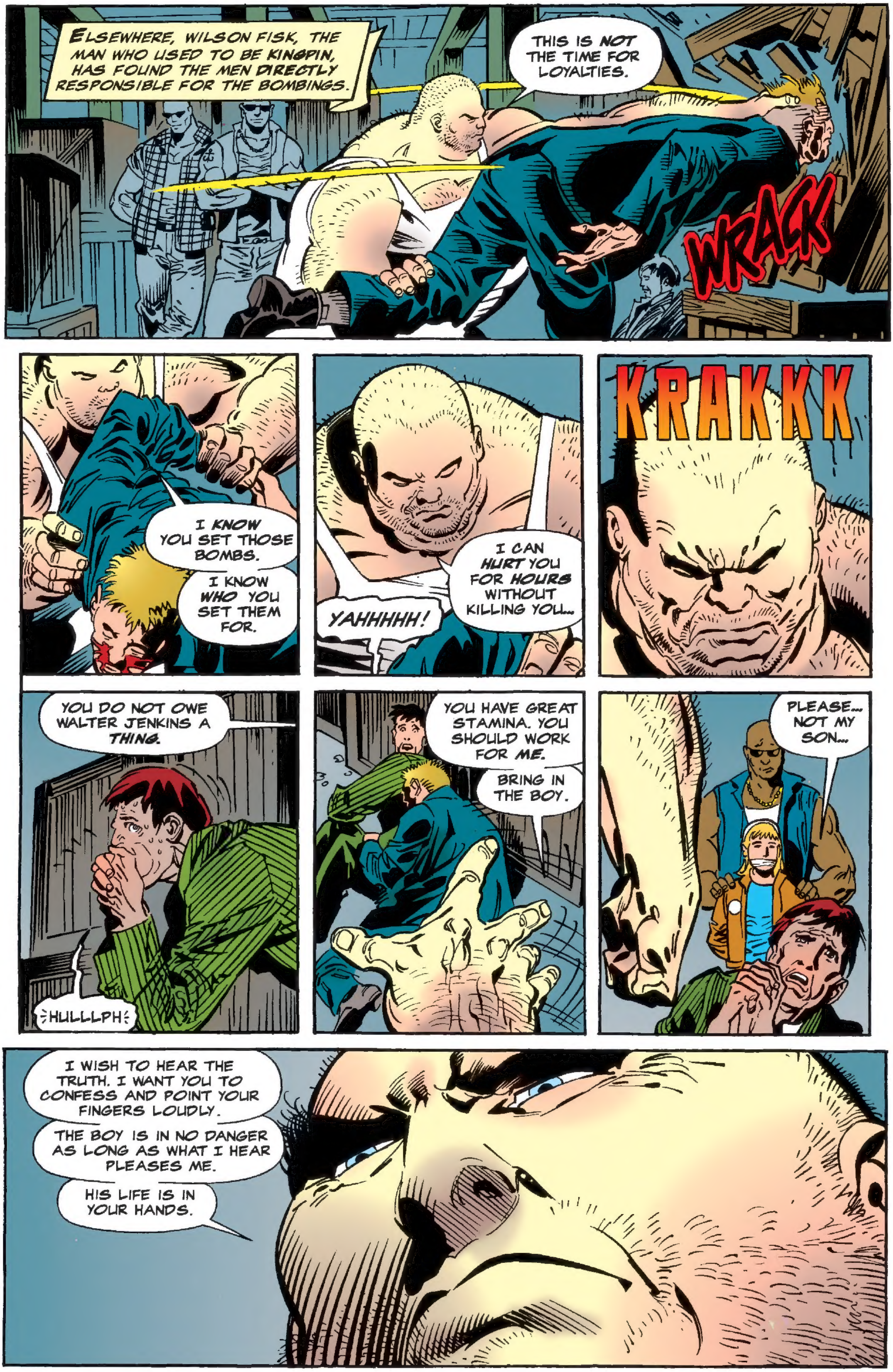

FATHOMS OF HUMANITY
part five of five
HEART OF THE FIRE
"Behold! Human beings living in an underground den...Like ourselves...they only see their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave." --PLATO
MATT MURDOCK IS THE BLIND HERO OF THE PEOPLE KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL.
BUT TO THE PUBLIC, MATT MURDOCK IS A CORPSE IN A GRAVE AND THOSE WHO KNEW HIM TO BE DAREDEVIL QUESTION THIS NEW DAREDEVIL CARRYING FORTH IN HIS NAME.
MATT MURDOCK HAS YET ANOTHER IDENTITY: THAT OF CON MAN JACK BATLIN.
AND JACK BATLIN HAS SET UP A SCAM TO TRAP THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR RECENT PARKING GARAGE BOMBINGS THAT HAVE CLAIMED THE LIVES OF SEVERAL PROMINENT POLITICAL AND UNDERWORLD FIGURES.
BOMBINGS IN WHICH TWO INNOCENT HOMELESS MEN, LIVING IN A COMMUNITY OF TUNNEL DWELLERS, STAND UNJUSTLY ACCUSED, AWAITING TRIAL IN PRISON.
BUT TONIGHT, MATT MURDOCK, FORMER ATTORNEY AT LAW, WILL "SEE" JUSTICE DONE.
GREGORY WRIGHT - WRITER
TOM GRINDBERG - PENCILER
DON HUDSON - INKER
MAX SCHEELE - COLORIST
OAKLEY / NJQ - LETTERERS
RALPH MACCHIO - EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO - CHIEF



HE WISHES HE COULD BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE.
BUT HE CANNOT PULL OFF THE SCAM AS JACK, AND PERMANENTLY DIFFUSE THIS COMMON CRIMINAL MASQUERADING AS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN AS DAREDEVIL.
SO, RELUCTANTLY HE MUST USE BATLIN'S NEW... AQUAINTANCE, RANDI JILLETE TO PUT THE FINAL PIECES INTO PLACE.
IN ADDITION TO BEING A NEW AGE PSYCHIC, RANDI POSSESSES FAR MORE THAN HER SHARE OF FEMININE WILES.
AND THOUGH MURDOCK'S REMAINING SENSES GIVE HIM A CLEAR "IMAGE" OF HER, HE IS NONETHELESS PERVERSELY THANKFUL THAT HE DOES NOT HAVE TO LOOK AT HER WITH HIS EYES.
TONIGHT, WALTER JENKINS-- YOU'RE MINE.
SPEAK TO ME.


GET IT ALL ON TAPE.
AHHH, MISS JILLETE, YOU ARE EVEN LOVELIER THAN I WAS LED TO BELIEVE BY YOUR ASSOCIATE.
IF THE INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES ARE AS SWEET AS YOUR PERFUME, WE SHOULD HAVE A LUCRATIVE MEETING.
mmm. DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU WILL BE SUCH A PLEASURE, MR. JENKINS.
YOU'VE NO IDEA.
OH, I BELIEVE I DO; ONCE MY CURRENT PLANS ARE FULLY ENACTED, JENKINS INCORPORATED WILL BE THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN.
YOU ARE FORTUNATE I'M LETTING YOU IN ON--
hmm. THE DEAL I HAVE IN MIND WILL MOST CERTAINLY BE OF BENEFIT TO ME.
CUTTING DIRECT TO THE CHASE, hmmm?
huuuuuuuuhhhh.
YOU'VE BEEN SUCH THE NAUGHTY BOY. BAD ENOUGH THAT THESE DOCUMENTS LINK YOU TO THE VICTIMS OF THOSE BOMBINGS--


OOOH! I CAN FEEL THE PSYCHIC PAIN YOU'RE FEELING!
IF THE IRS OR THE FBI WERE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THESE-- OR RATHER THE ORIGINALS OF THESE DOCUMENTS I HAVE SECRETED--
WHERE DID YOU GET THESE DOCUMENTS?
I HAVE BRIBED AND BLACKMAILED AN UNTHINKABLE NUMBER OF HIGH LEVEL OFFICERS OF THE COURT AND GOVERNMENT TO INSURE MY SECURITY.
YOU ARE PLAYING WITH FIRE. WALTER JENKINS IS ON HIS WAY TO RUNNING THIS CITY.
I CAN MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE.
SO WHY ARE YOU THE ONE READY TO THROW UP?
I CAN GET OUT OF THIS WITHOUT YOU, MISS GILLETE.
ALTHOUGH THE COURT COSTS AND SCANDAL ALONE COULD OFFSET MY RECENT--
JUST WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
MY ASSOCIATES AND I AREN'T WHAT YOU WOULD CALL GREEDY. WE FIGURE TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS LITTLE FIX UNSCATHED IT'LL COST YOU EIGHT MONTHS AND 2.3 MILLION DOLLARS.
THAT'S A GENEROUS ESTIMATE. AND THAT'S NOT ALLOWING FOR A CREDIBILITY LOSS.
WE'LL SETTLE FOR THE 2.3 MIL. $500,000 UP FRONT NOW. THE REST IN INSTALLMENTS UNTIL YOU CAN COVER YOUR OWN TRACKS.
I'D ASK FOR A GUARANTEE, BUT THEN BLACKMAIL ISN'T AN EXACT SCIENCE.
IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO--
I'LL WAIT. AND JUST IN CASE YOU START THINKING THAT YOU CAN MAKE ME GO AWAY?
ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENS AROUND ME, ANYTHING, AND THOSE PAPERS GET HAND-DELIVERED TO THE FBI AND THE CIA.
I WOULD GUESS WHATEVER PLANS YOU HAD ARE NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN NOW. YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.

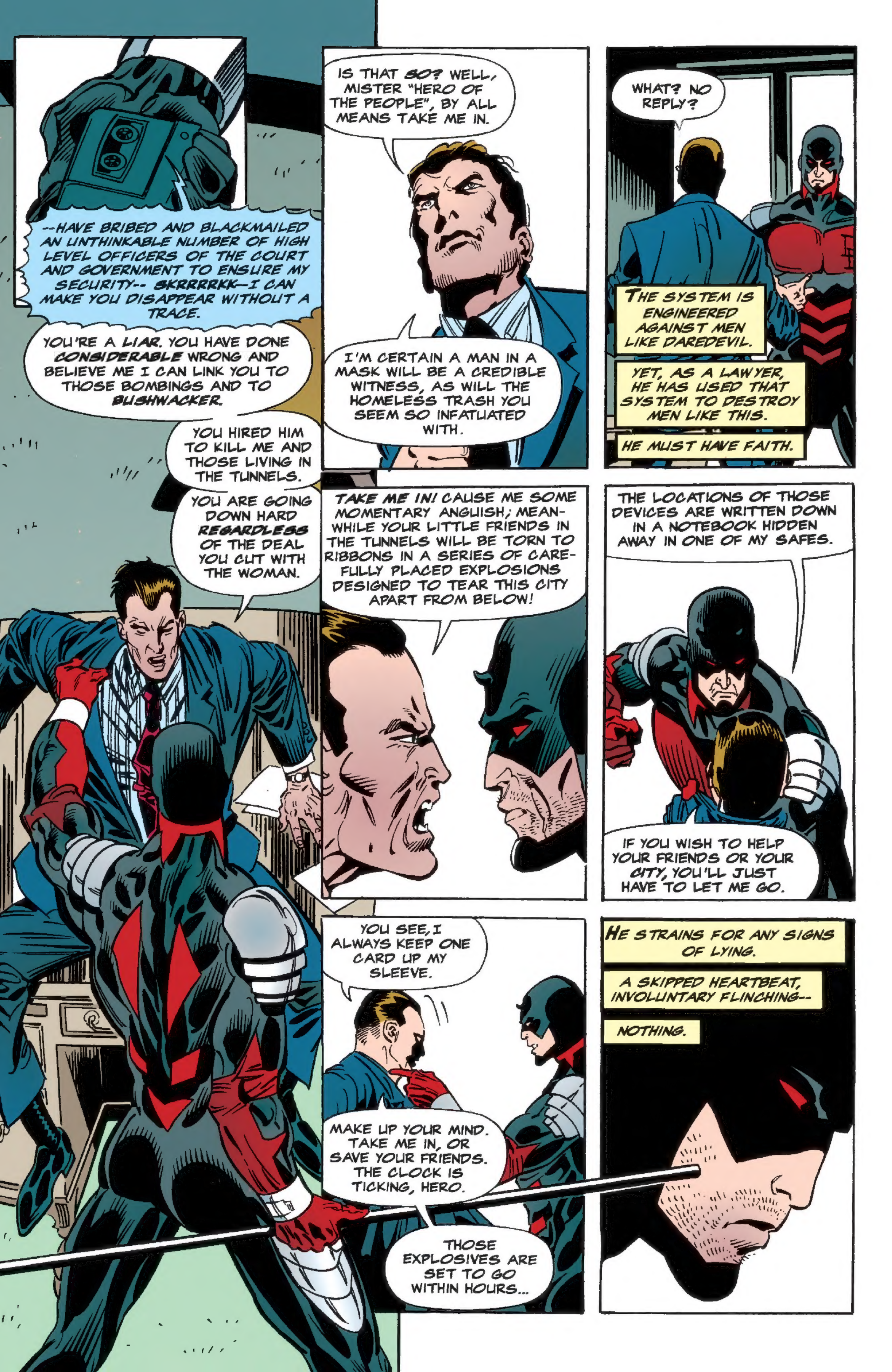


ELSEWHERE, WILSON FISK, THE MAN WHO USED TO BE KINGPIN, HAS FOUND THE MEN DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOMBINGS.
THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR LOYALTIES.
WRACK
I KNOW YOU SET THOSE BOMBS.
I KNOW WHO YOU SET THEM FOR.
YAHHHHH!
I CAN HURT YOU FOR HOURS WITHOUT KILLING YOU...
KRAKKK
YOU DO NOT OWE WALTER JENKINS A THING.
HULLLPH
YOU HAVE GREAT STAMINA. YOU SHOULD WORK FOR ME.
BRING IN THE BOY.
PLEASE... NOT MY SON...
I WISH TO HEAR THE TRUTH. I WANT YOU TO CONFESS AND POINT YOUR FINGERS LOUDLY.
THE BOY IS IN NO DANGER AS LONG AS WHAT I HEAR PLEASES ME.
HIS LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS.



RYKERS ISLAND STATE PENITENTIARY--
--WHERE RALPHIE JACKSON AND ED ARTHUR ARE BEING INTERROGATED FOR THE BOMBINGS THEY DID NOT COMMIT.
THE NIGHT BEFORE, THEY RECEIVED A VISIT FROM WALTER JENKINS DEMANDING THEY CONFESS TO THE CRIMES OR THEIR UNDERGROUND COMMUNITY WOULD PAY THE PRICE.
BUT RALPHIE AND ED HAVE SURVIVED TOO LONG TO FALL FOR THAT.
THE COMMUNITY IS DEAD THE INSTANT THEY CONFESS AND ARE NO LONGER A THREAT TO JENKINS' PLAN TO TAKE OVER WHERE THE KINGPIN LEFT OFF.
I'M SICK'A THIS INNOCENT ACT!
WE GOT WITNESSES PLACIN' YA BOTH AT THE SCENE, YA GOT NO ALIBI--
AND YOUR LITTLE BUDDY ROLLED YOU OVER IN THE OTHER ROOM, FAT BOY.
HE'S GOING TO WALK, SAYS YOU MASTERMINDED THE WHOLE THING.
WE DIDN'T DO IT.
YOU DID IT. YOU DID IT AND YOU GOT NO REMORSE, YOU GODLESS BEAST.
A LITTLE GIRL WAS FOUND WITH HER FINGERS BURNT OFF AND HER HEAD CRUSHED.
A LITTLE GIRL!
YOU WANNA FRY? TALK TO US OR YOU'LL BE DOIN' JUST THAT!
WE DIDN'T DO IT.
I'M SICK'A THIS INNOCENT ACT!
WE GOT WITNESSES PLACIN' YA BOTH AT THE SCENE, YA GOT NO ALIBI AN' WE'RE THE ONLY CHANCE YOU GOT.
AND YOUR PORKER BUDDY ROLLED YOU OVER IN THE OTHER ROOM, ED.
HE'S GOING TO WALK, SAYS YOU MASTERMINDED THE WHOLE THING.
AIN'T NO WAY, JACK!
YOU DID IT. YOU DID IT AND YOU GOT NO REMORSE, YOU GODLESS BEAST.
A LITTLE GIRL WAS FOUND WITH HER FINGERS BURNT OFF AND HER HEAD CRUSHED.
A LITTLE GIRL!
YOU WANNA FRY? TALK TO US OR YOU'LL BE DOIN' JUST THAT!
AIN'T YA' LISTENIN? WE AIN'T THE ONES, AN' YA' CAN'T EVEN BEAT A CONFESSION OUTTA US!


MEANWHILE A BANKING TRANSACTION HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED...
EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER WITH MY BANK.
I'D SAY OUR DEAL HAS BEEN CONSUMMATED.
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE. AS A SIGN OF GOOD FAITH--
--HERE'S A LIST OF SECURITY HOLES YOU MIGHT THINK ABOUT PATCHING BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COMES AFTER YOU.
SEE YA.
THIS IS JENKINS. SHE'S ON HER WAY DOWN.
GET THAT ASSASSIN BUSHWACKER BACK TO TRACK HER AND HER PARTNER. I WANT--
WAIT...LET HER GO, I HAVE A MORE EFFECTIVE IDEA BREWING.
YOU WANT TO REVISE THAT STATEMENT.
GAKKK...
THAM
HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?
TRADE SECRET. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CARE TO VOLUNTEER EXACTLY WHY YOU ENGINEERED THOSE BOMBINGS OR WHAT YOUR FINAL PLANS ARE?
I DON'T HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT.
AND YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE TRESPASSING.


--HAVE BRIBED AND BLACKMAILED AN UNTHINKABLE NUMBER OF HIGH LEVEL OFFICERS OF THE COURT AND GOVERNMENT TO ENSURE MY SECURITY-- SKRRRRKK--I CAN MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE.
YOU'RE A LIAR. YOU HAVE DONE CONSIDERABLE WRONG AND BELIEVE ME I CAN LINK YOU TO THOSE BOMBINGS AND TO BUSHWACKER.
YOU HIRED HIM TO KILL ME AND THOSE LIVING IN THE TUNNELS.
YOU ARE GOING DOWN HARD REGARDLESS OF THE DEAL YOU CUT WITH THE WOMAN.
IS THAT SO? WELL, MISTER "HERO OF THE PEOPLE", BY ALL MEANS TAKE ME IN.
I'M CERTAIN A MAN IN A MASK WILL BE A CREDIBLE WITNESS, AS WILL THE HOMELESS TRASH YOU SEEM SO INFATUATED WITH.
WHAT? NO REPLY?
THE SYSTEM IS ENGINEERED AGAINST MEN LIKE DAREDEVIL.
YET, AS A LAWYER, HE HAS USED THAT SYSTEM TO DESTROY MEN LIKE THIS.
HE MUST HAVE FAITH.
TAKE ME IN! CAUSE ME SOME MOMENTARY ANGUISH; MEANWHILE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS IN THE TUNNELS WILL BE TORN TO RIBBONS IN A SERIES OF CAREFULLY PLACED EXPLOSIONS DESIGNED TO TEAR THIS CITY APART FROM BELOW!
THE LOCATIONS OF THOSE DEVICES ARE WRITTEN DOWN IN A NOTEBOOK HIDDEN AWAY IN ONE OF MY SAFES.
IF YOU WISH TO HELP YOUR FRIENDS OR YOUR CITY, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LET ME GO.
YOU SEE, I ALWAYS KEEP ONE CARD UP MY SLEEVE.
MAKE UP YOUR MIND. TAKE ME IN, OR SAVE YOUR FRIENDS. THE CLOCK IS TICKING, HERO.
THOSE EXPLOSIVES ARE SET TO GO WITHIN HOURS...
HE STRAINS FOR ANY SIGNS OF LYING.
A SKIPPED HEARTBEAT, INVOLUNTARY FLINCHING--
NOTHING.


RYKERS ISLAND...
ALRIGHT YA CREEPS, LET'S GO BEFORE WE FIGGER A REAL REASON TA KEEP YA.
YA GOT SO LUCKY. THE REAL BOMBERS TURNED UP WITH A FULL CONFESSION, SOUNDED LIKE THEIR CONSCIENCE GOT TO 'EM.
THEY SHOWED UP PRACTICALLY BEAT TA DEATH, SO WE FIGGERED THEY WAS LYIN'.
PRISONER
PRISONE
BUT THEIR STORY CHECKED OUT SO YOU TWO CAN CHECK OUT.
DON'T MUCH CARE HOW THE TRUTH CAME OUT. NEVER FIGURED OUT WHY YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE US.
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING, WOULD YA?
THE MAN. ONLY ONE WHO COULDA PULLED IT OFF.
PRISONER
FISK. YEAH, HE GONNA BE WANTIN' SOMETHIN' FOR HIS TROUBLE, MAN.


FAR BELOW THE CITY STREETS, IN ABANDONED AREAS OF NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND, A COMMUNITY OF TUNNEL DWELLERS SEEKS SAFE REFUGE FROM THOSE ABOVE WHO THREATEN THEIR EXISTENCE.
AMONG THEM, AN AGED HERO NAMED PEACEKEEPER, WHO MANY YEARS AGO DIVORCED HIMSELF FROM THE FIGHT, AND A BATTERED CYBORG WHO WAS ONCE A MAN NAMED LUTHER MANNING AND NOW KNOWN ONLY AS THE DEMOLISHER...
--AND WHAT'S WITH THE PEACEKEEPER DUDS, JOSHUA? I THOUGHT YOU--
IT IS TIME I DID WHAT IS RIGHT INSTEAD OF WHAT IS SAFE.
YEAH, WELL I'M TELLIN' YA THAT FISK GOT US OUT A' JAIL, MAN, AN HE ALWAYS GOT HIS REASONS.
I ASKED FOR HIS HELP. IF HE NEEDS SOMETHING, I WILL BE RESPONSIBLE.
WE WERE THINKING THAT WE COULD LET ONE OF OUR SECRETS OUT THIS ONE TIME. TELL FISK DAREDEVIL AND MURDOCK--
WHAT'S WITH THE LIGHT SHOW?
I AM BLACKWULF.
I WILL HAVE WORDS WITH THE DEMOLISHER CYBORG.
I'M REAL SICK'A PEOPLE TELLIN ME WHAT THEY WILL HAVE WITH ME!
DEMOLISHER--
FZAKKT
I DID NOT COME TO ATTACK YOU!
THOOM!
IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT TA ME, JACK!
GET DOWN!
THIS EXPLOSION IS NOT THE RESULT OF MY DOING!


RIGHT, YA SHOW UP JUST AS THE PLACE DOES A FLAME-OUT-- LET GO OF ME!
I DON'T NEED NO HELP, AN' ANYTHING THAT KILLS ME'LL JUST PUT ME OUTTA MY MISERY.
I FEAR THOSE WHO FRAMED RALPHIE AND ED MEAN TO ELIMINATE US ALL.
PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPON, BLACK-WULF. NO ENEMY APPROACHES.
JOSHUA. THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE. YOU ARE CORRECT.
WALTER JENKINS HAS RIGGED THESE TUNNELS FOR YOUR DEATHS.
I WAS ABLE TO GET THE LOCATIONS OF ALL THE EXPLOSIVES FROM HIM.
JOSHUA, TAKE EVERYONE OUT OF HERE AND LET ME DEAL WITH--
NO. THIS IS OUR WORLD, AND WE WILL REMAIN TO--
--THIS PATTERN IS FAMILIAR. IT SEEMS TO LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE FISK BUILDING.
I'VE DIFFUSED MORE TYPES A'BOMBS THAN'S BEEN BUILT IN THIS REALITY. YOU FIND 'EM, I'LL DIFFUSE 'EM. MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY AN' GET BLOWN TA BITS--
YOU MAY COUNT ON MY HELP IF THE DEMOLISHER WILL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, WHICH ARE OF IMPORTANCE TO MY RACE--
I'LL ANSWER 'EM IF WE SURVIVE, BUT DON'T COUNT ON LIKIN' ANY OF 'EM.

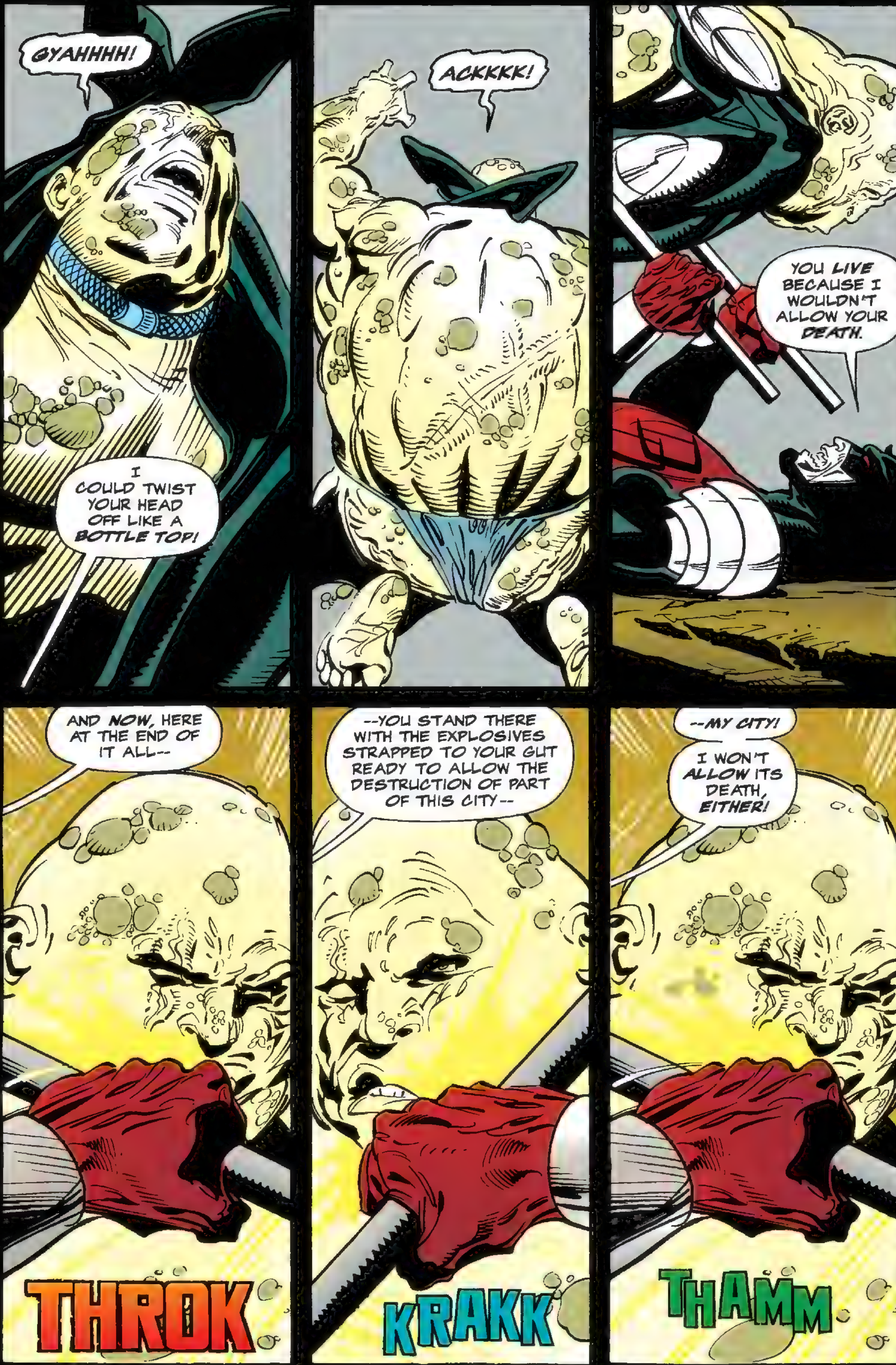

TIME IS A COMMODITY NONE OF THEM HAVE.
THE MINUTES RACE BY AS, ONE BY ONE, EXPLOSIVE DEVICES ARRANGED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN BENEATH THE CITY STREETS ARE CAREFULLY DISARMED BY A CYBORG FROM AN ALTERNATE REALITY.
DAREDEVIL STRAINS TO UNDERSTAND THE PROCEDURE WITH HIS REMAINING SENSES.
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER KNOWN AS BLACKWULF UTILIZES THE POWER OF HIS SHADOWLANCE TO CONTAIN THOSE DEVICES THAT ARE NOT DISARMED IN TIME.
A FEELING OF ICY DREAD FILLS THE TUNNELS AS PEACEKEEPER GUIDES THOSE HE CAN FIND TO SAFETY.
MANY OF THE TUNNEL DWELLERS REFUSE TO BELIEVE THERE IS ANY THREAT OTHER THAN EACH OTHER'S TRYING TO STEAL VALUED SPACE.
THIS IS IT, THE LAST SECTION--
AN' WE GOT A MAJOR CLUSTER HERE THAT'S READY TA BLOW A MILE-WIDE HOLE.
EVERYBODY OUT. MAYBE I CAN GET SOME OF 'EM BEFORE THEY ALL GO--

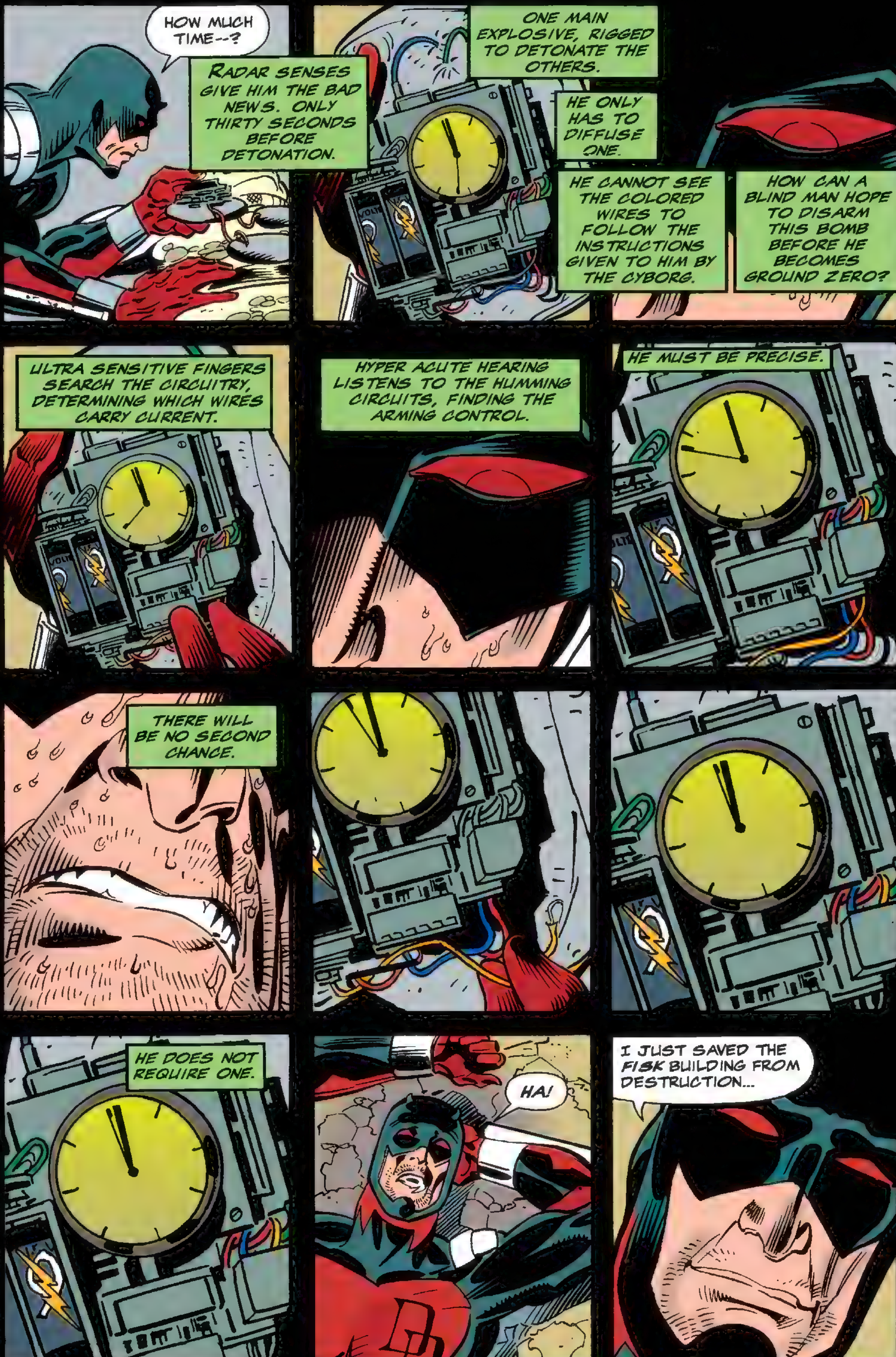

GO! I AIN'T GONNA GET 'EM ALL--
WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM. TOGETHER WE CAN--
NO! HE'S GOT THEM ISOLATED FROM EACH OTHER BUT ONLY I CAN--
WOOM!
SPLOOOSH
HUNNNNGG!!


RALPHIE!
I'M OKAY, ED. I'M OKAY!
STAY DOWN, WHERE THE AIR IS!
KOFF KOFF
IT IS UNKNOWN HOW LONG FLAMING DEBRIS RAINS DOWN ON THEM BEFORE THE BLACK SMOKE DISSIPATES...
WHY DID YOU SAVE ME? I GOT MOST A' THEM BOMBS SEPARATED, I DESERVED THE CHANCE TA DIE WITH HONOR!
I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WISH TO DIE.
AND EVEN IF YOU DO, I HAVE NEED OF YOU.
DAREDEVIL IS MISSING. HE COULD BE BURIED. WE OWE HIM.
JOSHUA, I AIN'T TOO KEEN ON ALL THESE ORDERS YER DISHIN OUT, HERE!
DAREDEVIL!!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEBRIS--
DAREDEVIL...
...DAREDEVIL...
huhhhhh...I'M HERE.
THAMM
I'M STILL AROUND, MAGGOT. YOU'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM ME, DAREDEVIL.
MY QUEEN. MY SUBJECTS. MY KINGDOM BELOW--
AND EVEN MY DIGNITY.
NOW IT IS TIME FOR US BOTH TO DIE.
BUT IT IS YOU WHO WILL DIE FIRST.
AND ALL WILL KNOW THAT THE KING HAS FINALLY BEATEN YOU!
CRY OUT! BEG ME TO SPARE YOU
THOOM
I WANT TO HEAR YOUR PAIN, MAGGOT!
BRAMM

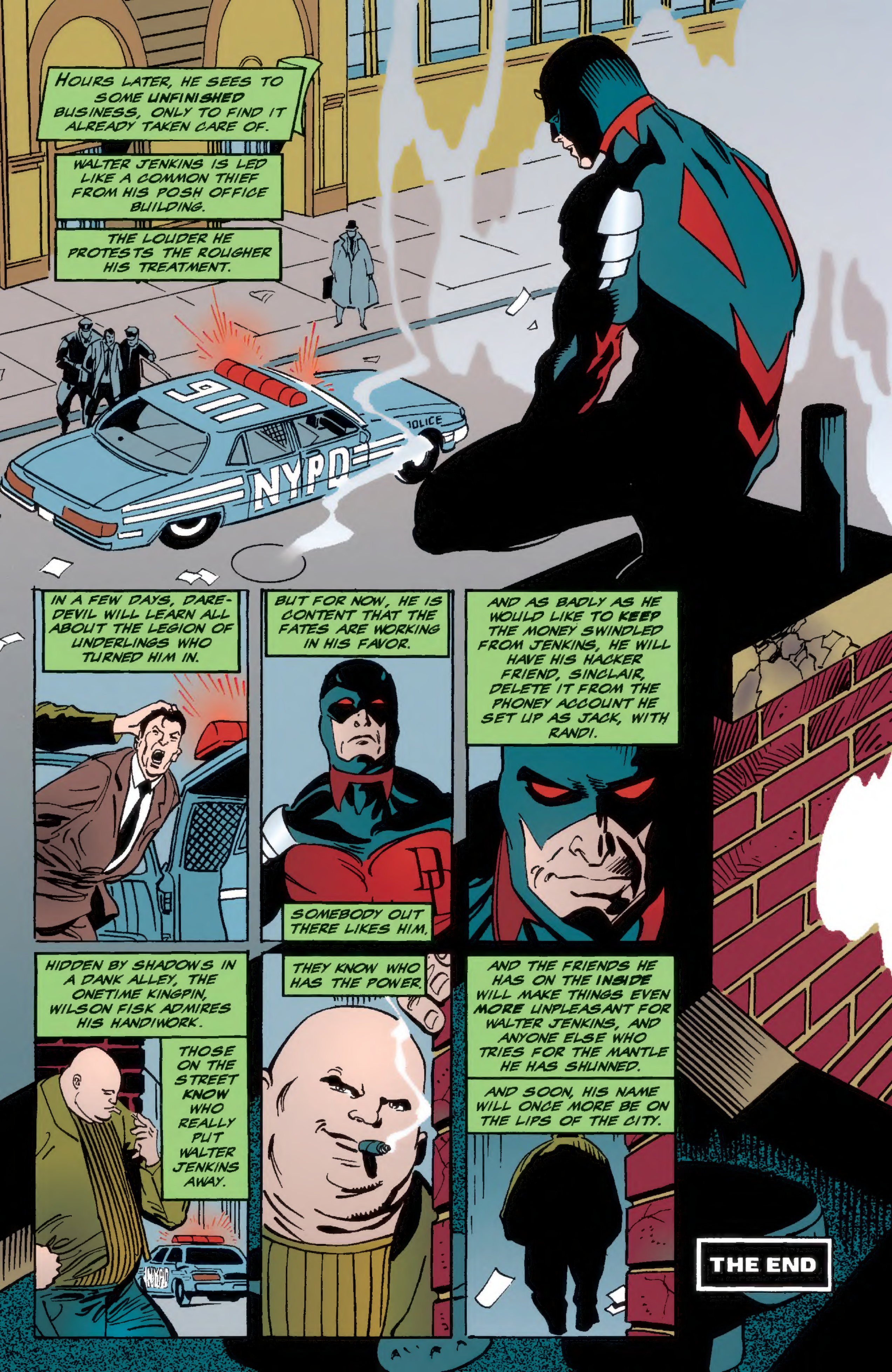

GYAHHHH!
I COULD TWIST YOUR HEAD OFF LIKE A BOTTLE TOP!
ACKKKK!
YOU LIVE BECAUSE I WOULDN'T ALLOW YOUR DEATH.
AND NOW, HERE AT THE END OF IT ALL--
THROK
--YOU STAND THERE WITH THE EXPLOSIVES STRAPPED TO YOUR GUT READY TO ALLOW THE DESTRUCTION OF PART OF THIS CITY--
KRAKK
--MY CITY!
I WON'T ALLOW ITS DEATH, EITHER!
THAMM


HOW MUCH TIME--?
RADAR SENSES GIVE HIM THE BAD NEWS. ONLY THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE DETONATION.
ONE MAIN EXPLOSIVE, RIGGED TO DETONATE THE OTHERS.
HE ONLY HAS TO DIFFUSE ONE.
HE CANNOT SEE THE COLORED WIRES TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO HIM BY THE CYBORG.
HOW CAN A BLIND MAN HOPE TO DISARM THIS BOMB BEFORE HE BECOMES GROUND ZERO?
ULTRA SENSITIVE FINGERS SEARCH THE CIRCUITRY, DETERMINING WHICH WIRES CARRY CURRENT.
HYPER ACUTE HEARING LISTENS TO THE HUMMING CIRCUITS, FINDING THE ARMING CONTROL.
HE MUST BE PRECISE.
THERE WILL BE NO SECOND CHANCE.
HE DOES NOT REQUIRE ONE.
HA!
I JUST SAVED THE FISK BUILDING FROM DESTRUCTION...

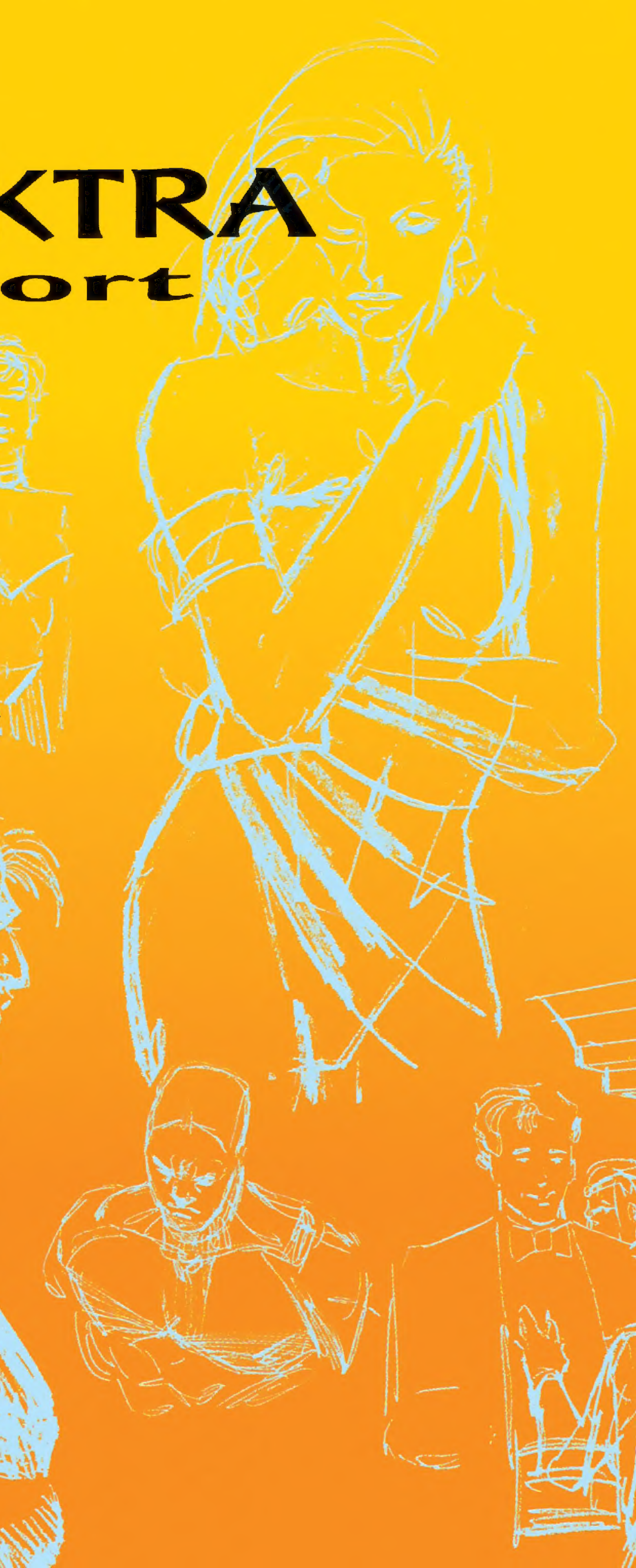


HE LIES IN THE FETID MUCK UNTIL THE OTHERS HAVE FINALLY CLEARED A PASSAGE THROUGH THE DEBRIS.
IS HE--?
NO. HE'S ALIVE...
SO WE MADE IT. ASK YER QUESTIONS.
IN YOUR REALITY, I HAVE BEEN TOLD MY FATHER, LORD TANTALUS IS NOT EVIL, AND THAT YOU PERSONALLY KNEW OF--
AN' HERE HE'S AT WAR WITH THE WORLD, DEMENTED BEYOND IMAGINATION, RIGHT?
YA WANNA KNOW WHAT MAKES HIM DIFFERENT IN MY TIME, AN' WHY YER DEAD BROTHER PELOPS LIVES, OR AT LEAST LIVED?
I DON'T KNOW. I AIN'T A WALKIN' HISTORY BOOK, PAL. I FOUGHT BESIDE 'EM IN A WORLD THAT DIDN'T DESERVE THE SERVICE WE GAVE IT.
NOTHIN' I TELL YA'S GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE HERE. THEIR FATE'S SET AN' ANYTHING ELSE I TELL YA WILL MAKE IT WORSE.
THAT'S WHY I LEFT.
JOIN ME AND MINE, DEMOLISHER. START ANEW--
I GOTTA SORT OUT ME BEFORE I CAN BE OF ANY REAL USE TA ANY ONE ELSE.
AN' I AIN'T SO SURE I'M EVEN GONNA LIKE WHAT I SORT.
YA COULDN'T DO SQUAT TO GET US OUTTA THE JOINT, HERO.
YOUR OLD ENEMY WILSON FISK GOT US OUT, AN' WE GONNA OWE HIM SOMETHIN'.
FIGURED LETTIN' HIM KNOW YOU THE OLD DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK, OUGHTA BE WORTH ANOTHER FEW FAVORS.


BUT YOU ARE ONE OF US NOW. YOU PUT THE COMMUNITY AHEAD OF YOURSELF, WHEN YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO.
SECRETS WE KNOW BELOW, STAY WITH US, EVEN YOURS.
BE SURE TO KEEP OURS AS WELL...
WE'D WELCOME YOU TO STAY--
NO. I HAVE A LIFE UP TOP. IT ISN'T PERFECT--
--BUT NOTHING IS.
I'LL SURVIVE. YOUR PEOPLE NEED YOU TO GUIDE THEM.
I HOPE YOU CAN FIND ANOTHER HOME.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO WELL. COULD I HELP YOU BACK--
I HOPE OUR PATHS CROSS AGAIN, PEACEKEEPER.
I NEVER DID LIKE THE OUTFIT.
EVEN IF IT DID PROVIDE SOME TYPE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL EDGE...
JOHN F. KENNEDY SAID "WE DON'T SEE THE END OF THE TUNNEL, BUT I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK IT'S DARKER THAN IT WAS A YEAR AGO, AND IN SOME WAYS, IT'S LIGHTER."
NEVER USED TO BELIEVE THAT.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME BELIEVE AGAIN.


HOURS LATER, HE SEES TO SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS, ONLY TO FIND IT ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF.
WALTER JENKINS IS LED LIKE A COMMON THIEF FROM HIS POSH OFFICE BUILDING.
THE LOUDER HE PROTESTS THE ROUGHER HIS TREATMENT.
911
POLICE
NYPD
IN A FEW DAYS, DAREDEVIL WILL LEARN ALL ABOUT THE LEGION OF UNDERLINGS WHO TURNED HIM IN.
BUT FOR NOW, HE IS CONTENT THAT THE FATES ARE WORKING IN HIS FAVOR.
SOMEBODY OUT THERE LIKES HIM.
AND AS BADLY AS HE WOULD LIKE TO KEEP THE MONEY SWINDLED FROM JENKINS, HE WILL HAVE HIS HACKER FRIEND, SINCLAIR, DELETE IT FROM THE PHONEY ACCOUNT HE SET UP AS JACK, WITH RANDI.
HIDDEN BY SHADOWS IN A DANK ALLEY, THE ONETIME KINGPIN, WILSON FISK ADMIRES HIS HANDIWORK.
THOSE ON THE STREET KNOW WHO REALLY PUT WALTER JENKINS AWAY.
NYPD
THEY KNOW WHO HAS THE POWER.
AND THE FRIENDS HE HAS ON THE INSIDE WILL MAKE THINGS EVEN MORE UNPLEASANT FOR WALTER JENKINS, AND ANYONE ELSE WHO TRIES FOR THE MANTLE HE HAS SHUNNED.
AND SOON, HIS NAME WILL ONCE MORE BE ON THE LIPS OF THE CITY.
THE END

ELEKTRA report



Hector Collazo's many contributions to Marvel began as an intern from the prestigious High School of Art & Design. Among other distinctions at that time, he taught a clueless editorial assistant named Chichester how to run the copy machine. Since then, Hector's worked the (in)famous Bullpen, as well as coordinated a variety of projects as an assistant editor. His talent with pen and ink has proved the perfect complement to DD's mean streets and high adventure.

*We pried the nib from between Hector's fingers long enough for him to give his thoughts on our soon to be unleashed **Elektra: Root of Evil** series.*

Usually heroes at Marvel do what they have to do 'cause they have this very rigid reason for doing things; Elektra is the wild character who gets off on what she does, and that keeps you on your toes. She's there on the wild side--you never know what she's going to do next. It's easy to see why Daredevil--who's so regimented--would be attracted to her. It's that classic "opposites attract."

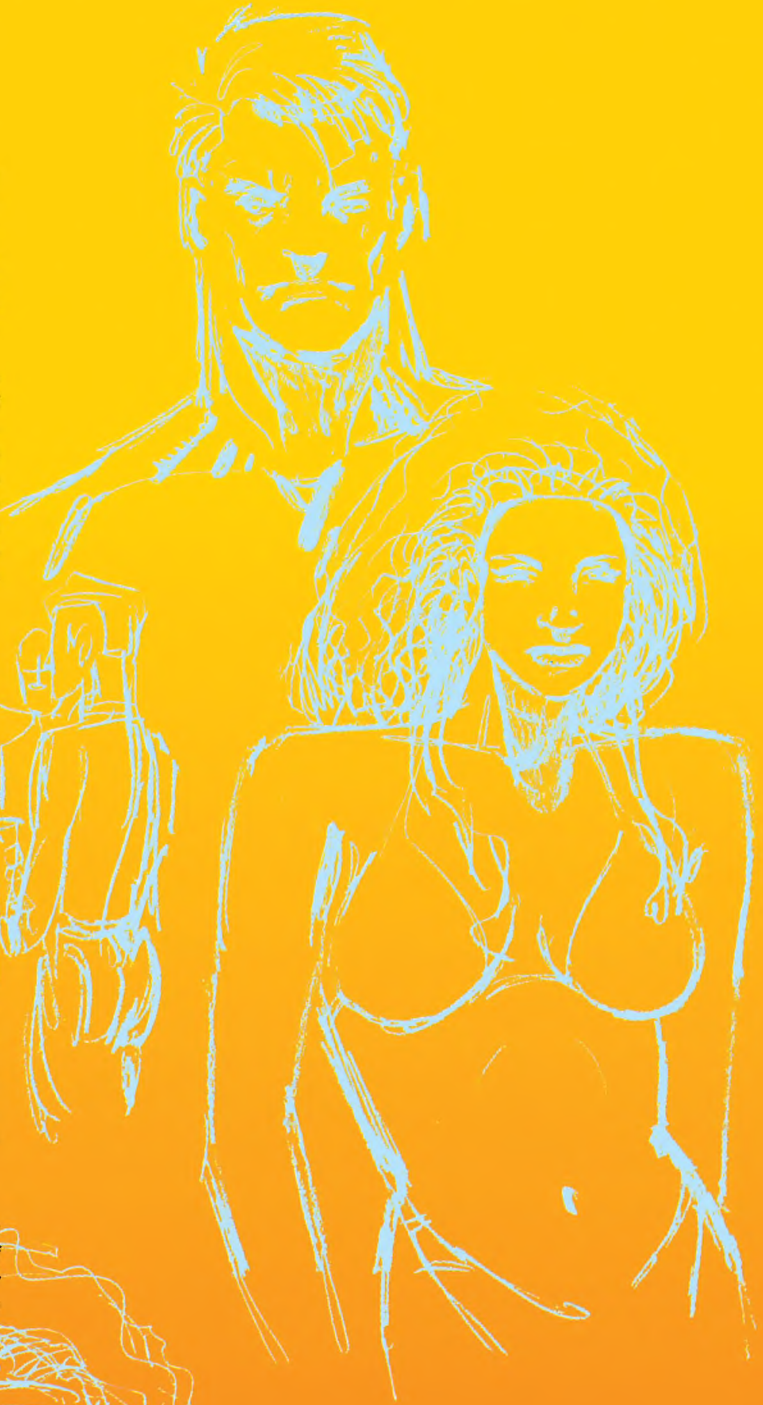
Elektra: Root of Evil is going to be a visual feast. That comes out of the fact it's a story that has a lot more meat than most limited series. There are too many that are out there just for the sake of having one to sell a book on a particular character. A lot of people feeling ripped-off because of more and more product out on the shelves; they're going and buying things, falling for the hype, and ending up with a read that takes them nowhere. Elektra is one limited series that's taking the character someplace new, with a definite beginning-middle-end. I know readers are going to be really happy with the entire *Elektra* series sitting there on their shelves; after they've read through the last issue, they're going to go, "This is good enough to start all over again!"

As the inker, I'm contributing toward the graphic look Daredevil's been developing: a harder, almost experimental edge that's given the pages an identity like nothing else on the market. That technique on *Elektra* is going to leave readers out of breath once they've finished each issue.

I could spend the rest of this space "talking" to myself about the writing end of Elektra, but that kind of behavior borders on a form of schizophrenia in some quarters . . . and I've got enough people looking to commit me as it is, thank you very much. So here's just a taste of what's been fissioning out of my Powerbook's word processor, an excerpt from the first issue plot:

Tight on ELEKTRA, caught strobe-like in the midst of a dangerous flurry of action and violence. Her left hand's pulling an arrow out of her right shoulder as she twists to face another enemy; her right hand is crossing in front of herself, a blood-soaked tanto in that hand ready to strike again.

Caught in this move, her hair flies about almost sensually, her body language fiery and fluid, as opposed to the lock-down tension of other characters' body poses. Most importantly, she's smiling cold and fierce, she's totally into this violent moment . . . and hungry for more.



And that, gentle reader, concludes our advance material on ***Elektra: Root of Evil****, four 32-page issues of high quality art, story, and adventure, starting in January '95! I know you won't be disappointed!*

Meanwhile, join ol' hornhead back here next issue as the regular (for the most part) creative team retakes the reins for the beginning of "Wages of Sin": the return of New York's deadliest crimelord, the Kingpin! Plus, surprising changes for Daredevil--so shocking even Matt Murdock's vaunted hypersenses were caught off guard! Details in thirty days!

D.G. Chichester
putting away my sai
putting back on my horns
November 1994